

*The Historie of*

for sweet Iacke Falstaffe, kind Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries company, banish not him thy Harries company; banish plump Iacke, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Host.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Duell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Host.* The Shrieve and all the Watch are at the dore; they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Doeſt thou heare Hal? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Shrieve, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prin.* Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vp a boue. Now my Maisters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Shrieve.

*Enter Shrieve and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now, Maister Shrieve, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse, fatte man.

*Car.* As fatte as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I doe assure you is not heere; For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And Shrieve I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answere thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreat you leaue the house,

*Sher.* I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

*Prin.* It may be so, if he haue rob'd these money He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

*Prin.* This oily rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaffe? fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prin.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

*Prin.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but Papers my Lord,

*Prin.* Lets see what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item, Sacke, two gallons.

Item Anchoues and Sacke after supper.

Item bread.

O monstrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke: what there is else, keepe close, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day; ile to the court in the morning, We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score; the mony shall be paid backe againe with aduantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer*

*Owen Glendower,*

*Mor.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And